

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER."
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 69.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

WINDFALLS.

THERE are some medicines and intoxicating draughts which cannot, without extreme danger, be largely used at first. It is only by beginning with small doses, and by gradually increasing them, that the system becomes habituated to their qualities, and in a manner fitted for their reception, until at last the original quantity produces no perceptible effect or excitement, and copious drenchings are undergone with apparent impunity. In the same way that drugs of this kind act upon the body, the possession of wealth operates upon the mind. When money is amassed by slow degrees, by the regular profits of business, the use of it is learnt during the acquisition; but when it plumps upon a man suddenly, and he who yesterday was a hard-working tradesman, obliged to fare frugally, and to be content with coarse clothing, finds himself today the master of a fortune capable of supplying a luxurious table, splendid furniture, and rich attire, he is as it were taken by assault, reduced under subjection to a powerful invader, and frightened from his prosperity, so as to be incapable of managing affairs discreetly for the future.

He who has formed a resolution to go cautiously and steadily forward in the pursuit he has chosen, accommodates his desires to the station in which it places him. There is no one, indeed, devoid of ambition; and he, like other men, hopes to better himself, and looks forward to enjoyments beyond his present circumstances: but it is by almost imperceptible steps that he advances to attain them. He does not see the full height of the mountain before him, nor pant with eagerness to reach its top; but terraced eminences present themselves successively, and with patient foot he climbs one after another, saving his breath most methodically, although his view does not extend to the next ascent. Far from losing his all upon a cast, he would not risk the merest trifle on *the chance*, and his is the heart that never fluttered responsive to the most flattering *perhaps*. His last pace is measured with the same steadiness and self-possession that characterised the whole of his progress; and, knowing every inch of ground over which he has passed, he is prepared to recede, if it should be necessary, with no less composure. Such is the character of the prudent man of business—unwearied industry being its strongest feature. All acknowledge him to be clear-headed, and many load him with the imputation of being also cold-hearted; but this is very frequently a mistake: He knows how he has got every penny he possesses, and he never parts with the smallest sum, without being assured of a good and sufficient cause for the outlay. He is not wanting in the common kindnesses and charities of life; on the contrary, he devotes the whole of his time and talents to the acquisition of means by which he may confer benefits on all who are connected with him—but they are every one sober unostentatious benefits, distributed considerately from a sense of duty, and not from any high-flown notions of generosity. By steady attention to the concerns of trade, he makes himself the stay of many industrious families, who in his service are sure of employment, and equally sure of their wages. He whose hand gives liberally to the poor is blessed; but doubly blessed is he who enables them to live without depending upon casual bounty.

The man who looks to lucky turns in trade, and makes bold ventures, is sometimes as successful as his neighbour who plods on in its regular routine; but he seldom employs his advantages so wisely for himself, and so beneficially for others. He is of a sanguine temperament, and has accustomed himself to think that money is only to be made by fortunate hits. Ex-

citement and stir present to him charms that are irresistible; so he takes care to devise and execute a number of schemes, sufficient to keep him constantly upon the tenter-hooks of expectation. They often fail; but he is not discouraged. Persuading himself that his plans were the best possible, and conducted in the most judicious manner, he attributes their discomfiture solely to casualties which nobody could have foreseen. "If it had not been that that fellow who bought my last consignment from — was a villain, I should at this moment have been in possession of a fortune of £30,000," says the disappointed speculator; and he speaks truly: but he overlooks the circumstance that he sold his goods so very advantageously, that it would have been apparent to any one, not blinded by an over-eagerness of gain, that the purchaser had little intention of paying the price. A person with better regulated notions would aim rather to dispose of a great number of commodities, at moderate returns, than of a few at a large profit; but for this sure and liberal system of dealing the daring commercial adventurer entertains a sovereign contempt; a small advantage he does not think worth accepting, and accordingly his transactions are all of a hazardous kind, either issuing in a dead loss or in enormous gains. By this hap-hazard species of traffic, an immense fortune is occasionally accumulated, and may be considered in the light of a windfall to its owner, as much as if it had presented itself in the shape of an unexpected legacy. It comes upon him as unprepared to use it in moderation, and is for the most part as injudiciously squandered. Indeed, in whatever way it comes, the result is nearly the same.

"What an unfortunate wretch I am!" exclaims he who finds himself the holder of an unsuccessful lottery-ticket, "to pitch upon No. 999, when, if I had taken the one above it, I should have got the £20,000 prize." Now, mark the bad logic of the man: he calls himself unfortunate in not selecting No. 1000, as if he were certain it would have turned out a prize if *he had held it*. But so willing is he to interpret chances in his own favour, that a doubt on this exceedingly problematical point never enters his head; and he considers himself to have been so very close upon gaining a large sum, that he is sure of it the next time he makes the trial. Well, perhaps he *does* succeed the next time, or the next, or the time after; and how does this vast influx of wealth find and affect him?—it finds him very much in need of it, and very eager to wallow in it, and, ten to one, he is soon in a worse condition than ever. This suddenly-acquired wealth does not seem to have the same blessing with it that generally accompanies the gains of patient industry, or of an honest ingenuity, exerted from day to day. Sudden wealth may be compared to a tornado, which produces nothing but havoc and desolation; the slow earnings of industry to the silent dews by whose influence the face of nature is beautified, and vegetation invigorated and refreshed.

The above arguments bear with full force upon the life of the gambler, who is simply a person given up to delusive hopes of acquiring wealth without working for it. In general, we find moral writers and dramatists, in their endeavours to check this vice, go no farther than to show the horrible results which are apt to spring from its indulgence. It might be advantageous also to explain the rational principles upon which gambling is a worse means of endeavouring to obtain money than an industrious course of life. To assume a language which will be intelligible to those who are addicted to it, it is attended with a *worse chance* of ending in the desired result. If twenty persons are engaged in one street, each in his own honest

business, it is certain that some profit will be made amongst them, so that most of them, at least, will be able to exist without coming upon their capital. But if twenty persons be engaged as industriously in gambling, it is certain that no profit will be made amongst them—on the contrary, money will be lost in paying for the rooms, and for the materials of the sport. Supposing the twenty persons were kept by themselves, and that they began with a considerable stock of money amongst them, they would by and bye find themselves reduced to penury, by reason of this constant drain upon their resources. Now, if money cannot be made by any community of gamblers among themselves, what hope is there, except in that vanity and self-love which speaks delusively to every bosom, that an individual will enrich himself? Evidently none whatever. Thus gambling, in every case where it does not suppose a simpleton to be pillaged, is proved a mere fallacy; while, in cases where that is supposed, it is the meanest, because the safest of robberies. In no point of view can there be any advantage in this course of life—for if wealth be lost, it produces all the usual evils of that contingency; if it be gained, it never thrives, and is apt to be again quickly lost, either by play, or by irregular and expensive living. Upon the whole, while some must be greater losers than others, there is no *general chance* in favour of the gambler, as there is in favour of the honest and industrious man—he is almost certain of being, in the long-run, worse than when he began. He may be compared, indeed, to a merchant who exposes his capital to an almost absolute certainty of being impaired, by assuming a line of speculations in which the chance of loss is invariably and palpably greater than the chance of gain. The only individual who can thrive by this unhappy vice is the person who keeps the gaming-house: the players, as a whole, *must* be losers.

Of all classes of society, the young are the most apt to give themselves up to a practice of longing for windfalls. The male human being, from six to sixteen, is constantly dreaming of pots of money found in the earth, or of large fortunes made in foreign adventure, after the manner of Whittington with his cat. From sixteen to four and twenty, he dreams of handsome fortunes made by the simple and rather agreeable process of taking a handsome woman to wife; and he is constantly on the outlook for such a chance of placing himself, as it is called, upon his feet. Others dream of legacies from rich and hitherto unheard-of uncles, who will be dying some of these days in India, fifty years after they had been given up by their relations for lost. *All are more or less* taken up by the idea of ready-made fortunes, which are to save them the trouble of making one for themselves; and, in this gasping and grasping hope of becoming suddenly enriched, they spend perhaps the time and energies which ought to be directed to better objects. We would warn our young readers against giving themselves up to these vain phantasies. The proportion of those who have been so *fortunate*, as it is called, as to fall into the possession of windfalls, is so very small, as compared with those who do not, that it ought never to be taken into account in our calculations as to the means of providing ourselves with a subsistence. If we would just reflect for a moment upon what the most of us are at our outset in life—bare, unlicked creatures, with merit all to be proved, if it really exists at all, but most probably it does not exist—merely individuals in the great herd of the beardless, none of whom seem any different from the rest—we would never flatter ourselves that there was any chance of fortune singling us out as her own peculiar favourites,

or of our gaining anything whatsoever, till we had somehow asserted our right to it. It is nothing but an overweening self-love, and a blindness to the degree of estimation in which, while as yet untried, we are likely to be held by the rest of mankind, that leads us into this error; and he, for certain, has the best chance of quickly investing himself with the good things of Fortune, who is soonest cured of so fatal and bewildering a delusion.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

HOMER—HERODOTUS.

IT is the lot of only a limited number of persons to become acquainted with ancient literature, or to have even the slightest knowledge of the languages in which it is chiefly written. Yet, owing to the importance of Greek and Roman literature to literary men, allusions to it are found at almost every step in our perusal of modern books—to the great puzzlement of unlearned readers, and the diminution of the utility of the works in which such allusions occur. By way of obviating this evil as far as possible, we shall give a brief account of the principal ancient authors and books referred to in modern literature, calculating our language for the use of those who know nothing on the subject.

By ancient, or, as it is sometimes called, *classical* literature, is meant the productions, in particular, of two civilized nations, which existed, two thousand years ago and upwards, at various places on the shores of the Mediterranean. These were the Greeks and Romans, of whom some account has already been given in the present work. People are sometimes heard to express wonder how the writings of these nations should be so much relished now-a-days, disguised as they are under foreign tongues, when there are so many books of as great literary merit, and more information, written in our own language. To this it must be answered, that, when our own nation had not as yet formed a literature for itself, the works of the Greeks and Romans were the only works of merit which existed; and they were then studied with so much admiration in the seminaries where learned men were brought up, that a fixed prepossession in their favour has taken root among those classes, to the exclusion, in some measure, of a taste for even the best modern literature. Another cause of their keeping their ground so long in our schools, is the fact of our language containing a large proportion of Greek and Roman words, so that it cannot be properly studied without a previous acquaintance with those tongues. A third cause is that which has suggested the present chapter, namely, that so much of modern literature has a reference to the ancient, that there is no understanding the one without some knowledge of the other.

The first, and, as it happens, the greatest, of all the ancient writers, was Homer, the author of two long Greek poems, respectively styled the *Iliad* and the *Odysey*. So little is known about this man, that he is by many supposed to have been altogether an ideal person, and his poems only a series of fugitive ballads which were gathered together from tradition, and arranged under his name, as Ossian's Poems are supposed by most people to have been with us. By those who believe him to have existed, he is represented as having been an old blind minstrel, who went about singing his poems for the purpose of procuring a wretched subsistence. He is said to have lived some time between the tenth and eighth century before Christ, and to have been a native of the western coast of Asia Minor, now called Natolia. Like many modern poets, he would appear to have been little regarded during his lifetime; but some ages afterwards, when the people, by greater refinement, were more able to enjoy his verses, seven cities contended for the honour of having given him birth; a ridiculous circumstance in more ways than one, seeing that the mere accident of a great man having been born at a certain place cannot possibly argue any merit in that particular spot of ground. He was, most probably, an Ionian, born in the neighbourhood of Smyrna, which country was then called Ionia, being possessed by a colony of Greeks of that denomination, and which is, indeed, one of the oldest names by which the Greeks are known in ancient history; and this accounts for his possessing so perfect a knowledge of the Ionic, a dialect of the Greek language, in which his poems are composed. His poems are of the class styled epics—that is, long narrative poems, of a certain regular structure. That called “the

Iliad” contains an account of certain incidents in the Trojan war, a transaction which happened one or two hundred years before Homer's supposed age, and about the same time with the building of Solomon's temple. The Trojan war was probably a very obscure and paltry affair, for it occurred at a time when the Greeks, who carried it on, were little better than barbarians—but it has been elevated by the fancy of Homer into something very magnificent, interesting even the immortal gods in its progress and issue. Troy is represented as a great Asiatic city, of such strength as to have held out for ten years against the whole strength of the Greeks, who were provoked into besieging it, in consequence of the abduction of Helena, the wife of one of their petty princes, by Paris, a son of the king of Troy. The immediate subject of the poem is the quarrel of two chiefs of the Greeks, Agamemnon and Achilles, during the progress of the siege. In one of the encounters between the Greeks and Trojans, the former became the victors, and obtained considerable spoil, among which were several female captives, one of whom, the daughter of Chryses, the priest of Apollo, remarkable for her beauty and attractive manners, falls to the lot of Agamemnon. Chryses beseeches Agamemnon to restore his daughter, which the chief refuses to do, saying he loved her better than his wife Clytemnestra. Under these circumstances, the priest prays to his god Apollo for assistance, and a severe plague is consequently sent upon the Grecian camp. The Greek council of war consults about what is to be done to avert this sad calamity, and is informed by an augur, or diviner, that the only method to obtain relief is to restore the daughter of Chryses. Agamemnon, whose affections had been won by the young priestess, is enraged at the augur, and hesitates to comply with the demand. But upon weighing the motives in his mind, and seeing the necessity of returning the captive, he swears that he will have Briseis, another beautiful captive, who had fallen to the lot of Achilles, in her stead. Upon his making this demand, Achilles declares himself grievously insulted, considering that he had shared the same perils and hardships as Agamemnon, and was, as well as he, an independent chief of Greece. To signify still more particularly the indignation which he felt, he withdrew his forces from the camp, and implored his mother, Thetis (a fabulous divinity), to exert her influence in his behalf. Thetis applies to Jupiter, the king of the gods, for his assistance, and, shortly after, the thunders of that mighty personage fall upon the Grecian army, and the deepest misery and distress is experienced. In process of time, however, Achilles is reconciled to Agamemnon, and, by their united efforts, Troy is ultimately taken, and the object of the expedition accomplished. This is the whole subject of the twenty-four books or sections of the *Iliad*, though many characters and incidents are introduced, which cannot be here specified. The mixture of divine and human agency in the poem gives it, upon the whole, a childish character; yet, if the reader get over this objection, he cannot fail to be charmed by the dignity, and even sublimity, which the work exhibits throughout. There is no diffuseness nor extravagance in the imagery of the *Iliad*: every thing is dignified and concise, and from beginning to end one elevated strain is kept up. In the language there is often a surprising felicity, insomuch that one word will sometimes fill the mind of the reader with a delightful picture. But the great merit of the poem lies in the manly strength of thought, and the singular ardour of imagination, which it displays. No poet was ever more happy, says Dr Blair, in the choice of his subject, or more successful in painting his historical and descriptive pieces. There is a considerable resemblance in the style to that of some parts of the Bible—for instance, Isaiah—which must be accepted as a kind of testimony to the authenticity of the sacred writings, seeing that they are productions of nearly the same age, and of a part of the world not far from the alleged birth-place of Homer.

This illustrious bard composed another poem of about the same length, called the *Odysey*, which looks like a production called forth by the success of a previous one, and inferior for want of the same interest in the subject. It relates the adventures of a distinguished Grecian chief, named Ulysses, on his way home from the Trojan war. Both poems have continued for much more than two thousand years to enjoy the admiration of mankind; and it is certainly surprising that no effort in the same style of poetry, though made under circumstances infinitely more advantageous than those of the blind old minstrel, has ever been in nearly the same degree successful. They are translated into almost all literary languages: in English, there are two excellent versified translations, one by Pope, and the other by Cowper, of which the former is considered the more pleasing, and the latter the more correct.

Another ancient Greek writer, of whom common readers must have heard a great deal, is Herodotus. As Homer is the first poet whose works have survived, so is Herodotus the first historian. He was born at Halicarnassus in Greece, now called Budrun, in the year 484 before Christ. In the part of Greece which gave birth to Herodotus, there was spoken a dialect called the Doric, which, like that of Scotland, as compared with English, was not considered a proper lan-

guage for ordinary composition. But Herodotus, from disgust at his native government, removed in manhood to Samos, where the prevailing dialect was that elegant Ionic in which Homer had composed his poems; and he accordingly became familiar with this tongue, insomuch that his writings are said to exhibit it in a state of higher perfection than any other. Having formed a design of writing history, this ingenious man travelled for materials into Egypt and Italy, besides various parts of Asia, and in this manner acquired much valuable information respecting nations previously unknown, as well as of manners, customs, and habits, which have imparted great value to his pages. He is supposed to have profited much by intercourse with the Egyptian priests, who for many centuries before this period had been remarkable for a mysterious kind of traditional learning. After writing his work in nine books, and polishing it with much studious care, he read parts of it to his countrymen assembled at the Olympic games, and thus obtained a larger and more immediate measure of fame than what was generally acquired by the writers of those ages, when there was no printing press to multiply copies of any literary composition. But for Herodotus, we should have now been ignorant of a large and important part of profane history. It is curious that this writer was more disbelieved in his own age than in the present. Many of the things which he told of other countries were so wonderful, that they startled his contemporaries, and were for many subsequent ages looked upon as doubtful; but not a few of these things have been ascertained by modern inquiry to be true, as Herodotus related them. This shows that scepticism or disbelief may be the mark of ignorance, as well as it sometimes is of knowledge, of which another remarkable illustration is afforded by Bruce's Travels in Abyssinia, which were scoffed at forty years ago, but have since been authenticated. At the same time, it must be mentioned that Herodotus communicates some fiction along with his facts, though apparently in no case where he was not himself deceived.

THE MARVELLOUS HISTORY OF MYNHEER VON WODENBLOCK.*

He who has been at Rotterdam will remember a house of two stories which stands in the suburbs just adjoining the basin of the canal that runs between that city and the Hague, Leyden, and other places. I say he will remember it, for it must have been pointed out to him as having been once inhabited by the most ingenious artist that Holland ever produced, to say nothing of his daughter, the prettiest maiden ever born within hearing of the croaking of a frog. It is not with the fair Blanche, unfortunately, that we have at present any thing to do; it is with the old gentleman her father. His profession was that of a surgical-instrument maker, but his fame principally rested on the admirable skill with which he constructed wooden and cork legs. So great was his reputation in this department of human science, that they whom nature or accident had curtailed, caricatured, and disappointed in so very necessary an appendage to the body, came limping to him in crowds, and, however desperate their case might be, were very soon (as the saying is) set upon their legs again. Many a cripple, who had looked upon his deformity as incurable, and whose only consolation consisted in an occasional sly hit at Providence, for having entrusted his making to a journeyman, found himself so admirably fitted, so elegantly propped up by Mynheer Turningvort, that he almost began to doubt whether a timber or cork supporter was not, on the whole, superior to a more commonplace and troublesome one of flesh and blood. And, in good truth, if you had seen how very handsome and delicate were the understandings fashioned by the skilful artificer, you would have been puzzled to settle the question yourself, the more especially if, in your real toes, you were ever tormented with gout or corns.

One morning, just as Master Turningvort was giving its final smoothness and polish to a calf and ankle, a messenger entered his studio, to speak classically, and requested that he would immediately accompany him to the mansion of Mynheer Von Wodenblock. It was the mansion of the richest merchant in Rotterdam, so the artist put on his best wig, and set forth with his three-cornered hat in one hand, and his silver-headed stick in the other. It so happened that Mynheer Von Wodenblock had been very laudably employed, a few days before, in turning a poor relation out of doors, but in endeavouring to hasten the odious wretch's progress down stairs by a slight impulse *a posteriori* (for Mynheer seldom stood upon ceremony with poor relations), he had unfortunately lost his balance, and tumbling headlong from the top to the bottom, he found, on recovering his senses, that he had broken his right leg, and that he had lost three teeth. He had at first some thoughts of having his poor relation tried for murder; but being naturally of a merciful disposition, he only sent him to jail on account of some unpaid debt, leaving him there to enjoy the comfortable reflection that his wife and children were starving at home. A dentist soon supplied the

* This amusing tale, the production of Mr H. G. Bell, author of the Life of Queen Mary in Constable's Miscellany, has already been often printed. It is hoped, however, that, by re-appearing in the Edinburgh Journal, it will reach many thousand readers into whose hands it has never before fallen.

invalid with three teeth, which he had pulled out of an indigent poet's head at the rate of ten stivers a-piece, but for which he prudently charged the rich merchant one hundred dollars. The doctor, upon examining his leg, and recollecting that he was at that moment rather in want of a subject, cut it carefully off, and took it away with him in his carriage to lecture upon it to his pupils. So Myneher Wodenblock, considering that he had been hitherto accustomed to walk and not to hop, and being, perhaps, somewhat prejudiced in favour of the former mode of locomotion, sent for our friend at the canal basin, in order that he might give him directions about the representative with which he wished to be supplied for his lost member.

The artificer entered the wealthy burgher's apartment. He was reclining on a couch, with his left leg looking as respectable as ever, but with his unhappy right stump wrapped up in bandages, as if conscious and ashamed of its own littleness. "Turningvort, you have heard of my misfortune; it has thrown me into a fever, and all Rotterdam into confusion; but let that pass. You must make me a leg; and it must be the best leg, sir, you ever made in your life." Turningvort bowed. "I do not care what it costs" (Turningvort bowed yet lower), "provided it outdoes every thing you have yet made of a similar sort. I am for none of your wooden spindleshanks. Make it of cork; let it be light and elastic, and cram it as full of springs as a watch. I know nothing of the business, and cannot be more specific in my directions; but this I am determined upon, that I shall have a leg as good as the one I have lost. I know such a thing is to be had, and if I get it from you, your reward is a thousand guineas." The Dutch Prometheus declared, that to please Myneher Von Wodenblock, he would do more than human ingenuity had ever done before, and undertook to bring him, within six days, a leg which would laugh to scorn the mere common legs possessed by common men.

This assurance was not meant as an idle boast. Turningvort was a man of speculative as well as practical science, and there was a favourite discovery which he had long been endeavouring to make, and in accomplishing which he imagined he had at last succeeded that very morning. Like all other manufacturers of terrestrial legs, he had ever found the chief difficulty in his progress towards perfection to consist in its being apparently impossible to introduce into them any thing in the shape of joints, capable of being regulated by the will, and of performing those important functions achieved under the present system, by means of the admirable mechanism of the knee and ankle. Our philosopher had spent years in endeavouring to obviate this grand inconvenience, and though he had undoubtedly made greater progress than any body else, it was not till now that he believed himself completely master of the great secret. His first attempt to carry it into execution was to be in the leg he was about to make for Myneher Von Wodenblock.

It was on the evening of the sixth day from that to which I have already alluded, that with this magic leg, carefully packed up, the acute artizan again made his appearance before the expecting and impatient Wodenblock. There was a proud twinkle in Turningvort's grey eye, which seemed to indicate that he valued even the thousand guineas, which he intended for Blanche's marriage-portion, less than the celebrity, the glory, the immortality, of which he was at length so sure. He untied his precious bundle, and spent some hours in displaying and explaining to the delighted burgher the number of additions he had made to the internal machinery, and the purpose which each was intended to serve. The evening wore away in these discussions concerning wheels within wheels, and springs acting upon springs. When it was time to retire to rest, both were equally satisfied of the perfection of the work; and at his employer's earnest request, the artist consented to remain where he was for the night, in order that early next morning he might fit on the limb, and see how it performed its duty.

Early next morning all the necessary arrangements were completed, and Myneher Van Wodenblock walked forth to the street in ecstasy, blessing the inventive powers of one who was able to make so excellent a hand of his leg. It seemed indeed to act to admiration. In the merchant's mode of walking, there was no stiffness, no effort, no constraint; all the joints performed their office without the aid of either bone or muscle. Nobody, not even a connoisseur in lameness, would have suspected that there was any thing uncommon, any great collection of accurately adjusted clock-work under the full well-slashed pantaloons of the substantial-looking Dutchman. Had it not been for a slight tremulous motion occasioned by the rapid whirling of about twenty small wheels in the interior, and a constant clicking, like that of a watch, though somewhat louder, he would even himself have forgotten that he was not, in all respects, as he used to be, before he lifted his right foot to bestow a parting benediction on his poor relation.

He walked along in the renovated buoyancy of his spirits till he came in sight of the Stade House; and just at the foot of the flight of steps that lead up to the principal door, he saw his old friend, Myneher Vanouter, waiting to receive him. He quickened his pace, and both mutually held out their hands to each other by way of congratulation, before they were near enough to be clasped in a friendly embrace. At

last the merchant reached the spot where Vanouter stood; but what was that worthy man's astonishment to see him, though he still held out his hand, pass quickly by, without stopping, even for a moment, to say, "How d'ye do?" But this seeming want of politeness arose from no fault of our hero's. His own astonishment was a thousand times greater, when he found that he had no power whatever to determine either when, where, or how his leg was to move. So long as his own wishes happened to coincide with the manner in which the machinery seemed destined to operate, all had gone on smoothly; and he had mistaken his own tacit compliance with its independent and self-acting powers for a command over it, which he now found he did not possess. It had been his most anxious desire to stop to speak with Myneher Vanouter, but his leg moved on, and he found himself under the necessity of following it. Many an attempt did he make to slacken his pace, but every attempt was vain. He caught hold of the rails, walls, and houses, but his leg tugged so violently, that he was afraid of dislocating his arms, and was obliged to go on. He began to get seriously uneasy as to the consequences of this most unexpected turn which matters had taken; and his only hope was, that the amazing and unknown powers, which the complicated construction of his leg seemed to possess, would speedily exhaust themselves. Of this, however, he could as yet discover no symptoms.

He happened to be going in the direction of the Leyden canal, and when he arrived in sight of Myneher Turningvort's house, he called loudly upon the artificer to come to his assistance. The artificer looked out from his window with a face of wonder. "Villain!" cried Wodenblock, "come out to me this instant!—You have made me a leg with a vengeance!—It won't stand still for a moment. I have been walking straight forward ever since I left my own house, and unless you stop me yourself, Heaven only knows how much farther I may walk. Don't stand gaping there, but come out and relieve me, or I shall be out of sight, and you will not be able to overtake me." The mechanician grew very pale; he was evidently not prepared for this new difficulty. He lost not a moment, however, in following the merchant, to do what he could towards extricating him from so awkward a predicament. The merchant, or rather the merchant's leg, was walking very quick, and Turningvort, being an elderly man, found it no easy matter to make up to him. He did so at last, nevertheless, and, catching him in his arms, lifted him entirely from the ground. But the stratagem (if so it may be called) did not succeed, for the innate propelling motion of the leg hurried him on along with his burden at the same rate as before. He set him therefore down again, and stooping, pressed violently on one of the springs that protruded a little behind. In an instant the unhappy Myneher Von Wodenblock was off like an arrow, calling out in the most piteous accents—"I am lost! I am lost! I am possessed by a devil in the shape of a cork leg! Stop me! for Heaven's sake, stop me! I am breathless—I am fainting! Will nobody shatter my leg to pieces? Turningvort! Turningvort! you have murdered me!" The artist, perplexed and confounded, was hardly in a situation more to be envied. Scarcely knowing what he did, he fell upon his knees, clasped his hands, and with strained and staring eyeballs, looked after the richest merchant in Rotterdam, running with the speed of an enraged buffalo, away along the canal towards Leyden, and bellowing for help as loudly as his exhaustion would permit.

Leyden is more than twenty miles from Rotterdam, but the sun had not yet set, when the Misses Backsneider, who were sitting at their parlour window, immediately opposite the "Golden Lion," drinking tea, and nodding to their friends as they passed, saw some one coming at furious speed along the street. His face was pale as ashes, and he gasped fearfully for breath; but without turning either to the right or the left, he hurried by at the same rapid rate, and was out of sight almost before they had time to exclaim, "Good gracious! was not that Myneher Von Wodenblock, the rich merchant of Rotterdam?"

Next day was Sunday. The inhabitants of Haarlem were all going to church, in their best attire, to say their prayers, and hear their great organ, when a being rushed across the market-place, like an animated corpse—white, blue, cold, and speechless, his eyes fixed, his lips livid, his teeth set, and his hands clenched. Every one cleared a way for it in silent horror; and there was not a person in Haarlem who did not believe it a dead body endowed with the power of motion.

Or went through village and town, towards the great wilds and forests of Germany. Weeks, months, years, passed on, but at intervals the horrible shape was seen, and still continues to be seen, in various parts of the north of Europe. The clothes, however, which he who was once Myneher Von Wodenblock used to wear, have all mouldered away; the flesh, too, has fallen from his bones, and he is now a skeleton—a skeleton in all but the cork leg, which still, in its original rotundity and size, continues attached to the spectral form, a *perpetuum mobile*, dragging the wretched bones for ever and for ever over the earth!

May all good saints protect us from broken legs! and may there never again appear a mechanician like Turningvort, to supply us with cork substitutes of so awful and mysterious a power!

LADY ISABEL, A LEGEND.

THE Lady Isabel was a Scottish Baron's daughter, and far was she famed. Were others fair, she was fairer; were others rich, she was richer. In short, all perfections were said to be centred in the Lady Isabel, and yet that quality for which she ought to have been most prized seemed the one which made the least noise in the world; and this was her devoted duty to her father. She was his only child—the child of his old age, the idol of his heart, and the lamp of his life. But still was he a cruel father; for in return for her dutiful affection he had determined to wed her to a man she had never seen, while he knew that her heart was another's.

The Lord of Ormsdale was the son of his ancient friend, and the possessor of broad lands in a distant part of Scotland. The two old men had sworn to each other that their children should be united, but ere this paction, the youth had been sent abroad to be initiated in the art of war—an art but too much practised in his native country at that time; for it is known, that our peerless beauty bloomed in the 15th century, when the feuds of the Scottish nobility were frequent and deadly. Much was bruited abroad of the goodly person and brave qualities of the young Earl, but of this Lady Isabel had no opportunity of judging, for never, as has been told, had she seen him. She had, however, but too often seen his cousin Roderick, and to him was her heart devoted. It was true he had neither title, landau, nor vassals; but he was a handsome, a noble, and a gallant youth, and he had knelt at her feet, and confessed his love, and swore eternal constancy: and though, when she thought of her father, she turned coldly away, it was but to treasure his image in her heart, and to weep most bitter tears for the hapless fate which doomed her to wed another. Roderick, by and bye, went away to a foreign land, distraught by his passion for the Lady Isabel; and the time was long, and he returned not, and none spoke of him, or seemed to think of him, save his disconsolate love. But it was not so; for the old Baron loved him for his worth and manly bearing; and when he saw his daughter drooping her head like a lily, he too was unhappy, and repented him of his rash vow, though he would rather have sacrificed his own life, and hers too, than have broken his oath. And so time passed on, and many were the suitors that sought the hand of the Lady Isabel. Some loved her for herself, some for her great possessions, and some for both; but all were sent hopeless away.

And now the time was at hand when the sun was to shine upon the nineteenth birthday of the Baron's daughter, and multitudes were invited to his castle to celebrate the festival with mirth and revelry. Many were the reasons on which he had thrown wide his castle gates and welcomed numerous guests, and ample the hospitable provision he had made for them; but never, during his life, or that of his forefathers, had there been such doings as now. Whole hecatombs of sheep and oxen bled on the occasion, with wain-loads of deer, wild and tame fowl, and other creatures. Every country seemed to have been taxed for fruit and other delicacies, while beer of the strongest, and wines of the richest, seemed, by the quantities provided, to be intended absolutely to flow in rivers. The birthday of the Lady Isabel had been celebrated, as it came round, ever since that on which she first drew her breath, but never had there been even imagined such preparations as this. The tongues of all the gossiping old dowagers in the kingdom were set a-going on the occasion: some assigned one reason for this extraordinary entertainment, and some another. Now, there were several whose eager curiosity caused them so much uneasiness, that they went so far as to ask an explanation of the old Baron himself. They were all, however, foiled in the attempt to penetrate the mystery, and therefore settled in their own minds that the old man had either lost his wits altogether, or was in his dotage.

Nor, to speak the truth, did the young lady, on whose account was all this turmoil, feel less surprised than other people at her father's unbounded extravagance, especially as there arrived from the capital chest after chest, packed with the richest vestments, cut in the most approved fashion of the day, and boxes filled with jewellery, which, added to the family gems she already possessed, might have furnished the dowry of a princess.

The day at length arrived for which all this extraordinary preparation had been made; and the Baron,

not content with charging his daughter to apparel herself in a suit which, by its exceeding splendour, seemed to have been particularly intended for the occasion, and to wear her most costly jewels, also commanded her maidens to tax their wits in ornamenting and setting off, to the best advantage, the charms of their young mistress.

And now, after having arranged all things, and being promised implicit obedience by his daughter, the mystery of all his magnificent proceedings was partly unravelled by his telling her that they were that night to expect the arrival of the Earl of Ormsdale. He moreover presented her with a mask, and informed her that he had taken order that each of his guests should put on a visor before they entered the ball-room, after they left the banqueting-hall, and that he had done this for her sake, that the eye of idle curiosity should not rest in her features what was passing in her mind when she first met her betrothed. It was in vain that the afflicted Lady Isabel pled most movingly for a more private meeting, for her father was deaf to her entreaties, while he affirmed that his precaution of the visor would do away all objections, and was so peremptory in the matter, that, as usual, she acquiesced; and having thanked and kissed his dutiful daughter, he withdrew from her with renewed youth in his step, and joy in his eye. How different, however, were the feelings of his daughter on this momentous subject! and sore averse was she to meet the man she was sure that she could never love; and many were the tears she shed, and many the resolves she made to retract all her promises, and live and die in solitude. But then she bethought her of the despair of her poor old father—of his tender, though mistaken, love—of the few remaining years of his life embittered by disappointment—and his death probably hurried on through her means. All this was too much when laid in the balance with only her own happiness, and she still sustained the character of a dutiful daughter, by heroically determining to sacrifice all selfishness at the altar of filial duty and affection.

But though this was her ultimate resolve, we need not be surprised, that, when decked in her splendid attire, and presiding in the gorgeous banqueting-hall of her father, she looked and felt as if assisting at a funeral feast, and that she even then would have been the better of the visor to prevent many conjectures on what her saddened looks might mean. But the time for assuming the mask arrived, and the nobles of the land, with their haughty dames, and many a knight, and many a damsel fair, bedight in silk and cloth of gold, and blazing with jewels, graced the tapestried ball-room, on which a flood of brilliant light was poured from lamp and torch. And each in joyous mood, cheered by the merry minstrels, and by the sound of harp and viol, impatiently awaited the commencement of the dance, when they were informed that it was stayed for an expected and honourable guest. And now again curiosity was at its height. But presently there was a flourish of the music, and a cry of the ushers to make way for the noble Earl of Ormsdale, and the large doors at the foot of the hall were flung wide open, and the gallant young Earl, masked, and attended by a train of young gentlemen, all his kinsmen, or picked and chosen friends, advanced amid murmurs of admiration to the middle of the hall. Here they were met and welcomed by the Baron, who led the Earl to his lovely daughter, and having presented him to her, the guests were presently gratified by seeing the gallant young nobleman take the hand of the Lady Isabel, and lead her out to dance. Nor were there any present whose eyes did not follow them with admiration, though the measure chosen by the high-born damsel savoured more than night of grace and dignity, than lightness of either heart or heel. Meantime, the old Baron was full of joy and delight, that it was remarked by all, as he was still seen near his daughter and her partner. But their hearts were both quaking—the unhappy Lady Isabel's with thinking of her promise to her father, and that of her betrothed with a fear known only to himself, for he had heard that she had loved, and now observed her narrowly. And, not content with this, he asked her, as he sat beside her, many a wily question, till at last he spoke his fears in plain guise, and she, with many sighs and tears shed within her mask, confessed the truth; still saying, that for her father's sake she would be his wife, if he accepted of her on such terms. But now her father told her in her ear, that she must presently prepare to keep her word, as this must be her bridal-night, for to that purpose alone was this high wassel kept. Her lover, too, no way daunted by his knowledge of her heart, pressed on his suit to have it so. And now was the despairing damsel almost beside herself, when her father, announcing aloud his purpose to the astonished guests, called for the priest, and caused all to unmask. But in what words shall we paint the surprise, the delight, the flood of joy that came upon the heart of the Lady Isabel, when the Earl's mask was removed, and she beheld in him her much loved Roderick, who, his cousin being dead, was now the Earl of Ormsdale!

And now was each corner of the castle, from base-
ment stone to turret height, filled with joyous greet-
ings, and the health and happiness of the noble Earl
Roderick, and of his bride, the dutiful Lady Isabel,
deeply drank in many a wassel bowl.

The stately castle and its revels, the proud Baron

and his pomp, the beauteous bride and her children's children, have now all passed away into oblivion, save this slight record, which has only been preserved in remembrance of the daughter's virtue, who preferred her father's happiness to her own.

THE ENGLISH AND THE SCOTCH.

No nation can judge exactly of its own character. It requires another nation to do so, as it is necessary, in order to see a house thoroughly, to go forth a little way from the door. Whether the Scotsman is a properly qualified person to judge of the Englishman, may perhaps be doubted, as he is hardly foreign enough. Yet, as he is still in some measure a person of different manners and habits of thought, there may be some truth in his observations—or at least it may be curious for the English people to know exactly what is the commonly received impression in Scotland respecting them.

What always strikes the Scotch most forcibly respecting the English, is the comparatively great attention which the latter pay to personal comforts, and particularly to the comfort of the inner man. "The English pockpuddings" is a ridiculous phrase of obloquy which the Scotch used to apply to them in the days of barbarism and national hostility in reference to this peculiarity of character; and, even yet, nine out of ten Scotchmen entertain the notion that their southern neighbours are over much devoted to good living. To speak with perfect candour, we never yet knew a Scotchman who did not live as well as he could, and, if provided with the means, indulged his appetites just as much as we believe the English are inclined to do. Yet that the nation in general do live in a more sparing manner, is a fact, we conceive, as undeniable as that they live on a different side of the Tweed. The whole matter seems to be one of circumstances. The English have for centuries cultivated a country which freely yielded the best and amplest fruits: the Scotch, on the other hand, have struggled as long with a soil which, never till lately, produced more than a very stinted harvest. The English have never till perhaps a very late period known want: the Scotch have never, till a period equally late, known what *enough* was. The one nation has been brought up (so to speak) in the enjoyment of what we seriously believe to be no more than a competency—but still a competency; the other has been reared in penury, or at least the most careful economy; and, having got into a habit of spare living, is disposed, perhaps, to look upon even a simple sufficiency as a kind of extravagance.

Thus the Scotch, without any disposition to find fault with their neighbours—for there is now happily no ill feeling between these kindred nations—often express wonder at the enjoyments of the English. That a farm-labourer or waggoner in England should have regular rations of bacon—that artizans should generally have roast meat on Sundays—produces astonishment in all classes of Scotchmen, who know very well that the same orders in their own country very rarely taste animal food or wheaten bread, and yet, notwithstanding all that Mr Cobbett may say to the contrary, are content. Some years ago, when an English regiment lay in a small town in the south of Scotland, a private soldier, who was servant to an officer, was observed with surprise, when breakfasting in his own lodging with his wife, not only to have his bread toasted, which, in this self-denying country, is itself toasted upon a kind of luxury, but to have it buttered on both sides, and to eat it with a knife and fork. Simple as this incident was, it would be difficult to describe adequately the impression which it made upon the people who observed, or were informed of it. It was considered as an almost impious use of the bounties of Providence. More recently, a Scotchman, travelling in England, observed a ewe which had been slightly injured by accident, and while natural death might have been easily anticipated by the knife (if even its natural death, occurring under such circumstances, had been deemed to unfit it for human food), given by the drivers to the hogs, as proper only for them; an act which the Caledonian observer considered as nothing else, to use one of the favourite expressions of his country, than *downright wastry*, seeing that, in Scotland, the animal would have become food for human beings, even although the case had been one of a far more desperate nature. Such observations as these have given, to the Scottish people generally, an impression that the English are too nice about their food—make it too much a matter of deliberate consideration—and value it more for the gratification it gives to a very humble appetite or taste, than for the conviction which it should give of the goodness of the Deity towards his creatures. From the rigour of their early circumstances, the Scotch have a high reverence for food. They feel at once a moral and religious pain on seeing it abused or wasted, and even, we may almost say, when they observe it delighted in for the sake of its relish on the palate. They have been accustomed to such difficulty in getting the bare sufficiency for sustenance, that they can hardly yet allow their feelings, in eating, to go beyond a mere gratitude for it in that point of view. If it chance to have the reverse of a relish—if, for instance, the bishop has put his foot in it—they totally forget their

inherent antipathy to episcopacy, and, under a feeling that food is in no circumstances to be despised, force themselves to think and speak of it as "very good," and rebuke every wry face amongst the youngsters at table as in some measure a religious offence. Though these remarks apply more expressly to the humbler and less Anglicised part of the community, they also characterise in a greater or less degree almost all the people of Scotland, and we would suppose that they will hardly be perused by the English without elevating the former people in the estimation of the latter, testifying, as they do, that the Scotch have made a good and pious use of their less fortunate position on the globe, and that national poverty, so far from being a proper subject for ridicule, may produce virtues of the most respectable character.

Since the gains of the Scotch labourers and operatives are now fully up to the English standard, it may be asked, what do the former do in general with the superfluous money, if they have not yet acquired the same taste for food? The question may be thus answered—They partly spend it on clothes, and partly on intoxicating liquors; two modes of expenditure, which, however different in moral propriety, are equally characteristic, we fear, of the people. The Scotch, be it remarked, taking rank against rank, give greater play to their minds, and are far more addicted to abstract speculation, than the English. Hence, if they are well-disposed, they adorn the exterior of their persons with their spare money, in order that they may have an appearance superior to their actual station, or at least make their station look as respectable as possible; an indulgence certainly mental, and which supports and cherishes the national habits of economy in the department of eating and drinking. If ill-disposed, or liable to vicious example, they fall into habits of drinking, which still is more a mental than a bodily indulgence, though calculated in its every degree to injure, and in its last excess to destroy, both mind and body. The habit of drinking has unfortunately gone to a lamentable height among our working people; but yet it bears no proportion to the laudable desire which prevails in the same class to dress themselves respectably in their periods of relaxation. This was testified in a most remarkable manner in August 1832, when about ten thousand working people (and there could hardly be any more in the city) appeared in a procession at Edinburgh, all of them attired in good, and many of them in superfine clothes, and the whole preserving a decorum in the highest degree praiseworthy: a spectacle which, it is not too much to say, hardly any other city in the empire could have exhibited. Such are the blessed effects of the law, now nearly three centuries old, which renders every adult native of the country able to read and write.

Taken in contrast with Scotland, the English do not only seem to live better, as it is called, as individuals, but the nation have a generous and anti-economic system in various other things, which excites similar astonishment among their northern neighbours. They seem to take a pride, for instance, in having large and well-fed horses, and a greater number of them in every plough and waggon, than what the practice of other countries shows to be at all necessary. We have seen eleven huge horses in one English waggon, the contents of which, we are satisfied, could have been carried in five Scottish one-horse carts, smaller as the horses are in Scotland. There is, in fact, in this branch of rural economy in England, a wanton prodigality of food and horse-power, which nothing but inveterate and unreflecting custom could so long keep up against mathematical reason and plain sense. It seems as if the Scotch, men and horses, could live well among the very feet of the English; and we verily believe, that, if a miracle could at once convert the customs and the people of England into an exact resemblance to those of Scotland, so much would be saved as would go a great way to pay the taxes of the country, both for church and state, grievous as these are allowed to be.

If we might, without exciting inviolable feelings, pursue any further this detail of the impressions of the Scotch respecting the English, we would mention, with all respect to the latter people, that their brethren on this side of the Tweed never fail to remark, as something singular, the exclusive devotion of every Englishman to his own line of life, and the little interest which he seems to take in all knowledge not exactly necessary to his profession, or to his personal comfort. The English appear to the Scotch as a people who make it too exclusively their object "to get on in the world," and who, in their blind pursuit of mere business, forget some of the other ends of man's creation. The truth is, business has arrived at such a high pitch of perfection in England, that it engrosses more attention than is perhaps reasonably due to it, and each man has got so thoroughly hacked in his own subdivision of it, that he runs the risk of losing sight of every thing else. Now, in Scotland, business is only here and there upon a first-rate scale. The most of the people, instead of taking minute subdivisions, have to lump several large departments, in order to make a livelihood. This, with the naturally speculative disposition of the race, enables almost all of them to keep a great deal of their minds awake to general ideas; and he would, in Scotland, be considered a very poor Scotsman indeed, who had not a smattering of almost every kind of knowledge. In England, the vulgar wealth of lucky and idealess men

is so common, as to be a standing subject of ridicule in plays and novels. But in Scotland there is little of this to be seen. A stranger is far more likely to be struck by the encyclopedic information and good manners of men who seem to follow but a humble line of business, and are not at all "getting on in the world." This is plainly the cause of so many Scotsmen getting into the best situations connected with the English press. The Scotch do not nearly so often as the English fall, early and little instructed, into the same line of life with their fathers. They linger long, and look well about them, and few but what endeavour to mount at least one step higher. Thus so many of them, in early life, are loose and disengaged; that, considering the excellent school education they generally get, it is not to be wondered at that they become adventurers in foreign lands, and drop into all the irregular and unclassified employments (such as the press), which the English never would think of breeding their children to.

Again, there is a similar difference between the wives of England and Scotland. In consequence, apparently, of the importance attached by men to domestic comforts in the former country, their spouses are under the necessity of paying an almost unremitting attention to the concerns of their households. Few married women in England, of the middle rank, go much abroad: we have observed numerous specimens, who hardly ever went out from one end of the week to the other, except, perhaps, to church, seeming to consider it necessary that they should superintend, if not actually assist in, every minute transaction of their maids—as if they had been afraid that either their children, or their servants, or their chairs and tables, or the house itself, would have been in danger of running away, during even the most momentary absence. In fact, the English married woman of the middle rank, appears, to a Scottish observer, as far too much of a housekeeper—she appears to be the very slave of domestic necessities. How far this may be advantageous in one respect, or disadvantageous in another, is a different matter: we presume not to judge, but only wish to show the contrast between the two nations. In Scotland, the married women are not nearly so much absorbed in household duties. They devote, in general, such a degree of time and attention to these matters, as appears to their husbands sufficient for domestic happiness—at least we never hear any complaint against them, as a class, on the score of negligence. The thorough-paced scourer and cleaner, who, in the words of Esop, "rises at five to scold the maids," is a rare character in Scotland, and generally excites remark on that account among her friends. She is looked upon as an unhappy being, her neighbours pity her for her insatiable rage after slopiness and white-washing, and wonder how any rational person can every day endure perhaps eleven hours of confusion and nastiness, that she may sit for the twelfth in a scene a little better arranged, or a little cleaner than usual. The Scottish married ladies, in general, like their husbands, keep a part of their minds and of their time salient for general purposes—certainly a much greater portion than the English wives in general—and are not only able, perhaps, when their husbands come home to dinner, to inform him as to the condition of his children, and satisfy his hunger with a well-prepared meal, but can converse with him, as it may happen, of some of the great movements of the world out of doors, or of the contents of some valuable new publication which she has been reading. It will thus be observed, that the female part of the two nations partake of the character of the male part, or are correspondently useful and agreeable in regard thereto; and perhaps, after all, each system is alike meritorious and beautiful in its way, for if the one be agreeable to the ideas of the English people, and the other to the Scotch, it is obvious that the great ends of Providence are in both cases fulfilled.

Such are a few of the observations which the Scotch generally make upon the English: they are reported here in the most candid and philanthropic spirit, by a Scotsman who loves truth a great deal better than Scotland, and, if mistaken in any material point, we hope they will be so far excused. If any good can be derived from thus seeing themselves mirrored in the mind of another nation, we leave it to the sagacity of the English themselves to apply it.

ANCIENT ECONOMY.

My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own; only he had a farm of three or four pounds by year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled as much as kept half a dozen men. He had walks for an hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness, with himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when we went to Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the king's majesty now. He married my sisters with five pounds, or twenty nobles a-piece; so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor, and all this he did off the said farm; where he that now hath it payeth sixteen pound by the year, or more, and he is not able to do any thing for his prince, for himself, nor for his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor.—*Bishop Latimer's Sermons.*

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

MUNGO PARK.

THIS celebrated man, whose enthusiastic ardour, important achievements, and unhappy fate in the cause of discovery, have invested his name with a deathless fame, and redounded with so much honour to the country that gave him birth, was the son of a respectable farmer at Fowlshiel, in the county of Selkirk, on the property of the Duke of Buccleuch, and was born at his father's house on the 10th September 1771. He was the seventh of a family of thirteen children; yet, notwithstanding that his father was by no means in easy or independent circumstances, he, with the rest, enjoyed the benefit of an excellent education, by means of a private tutor engaged to reside in the family. Mungo was afterwards sent to the grammar school of Selkirk, where he made astonishing progress, not so much by his ready talents, as by his remarkable perseverance and application; and, despite of many disadvantages, uniformly kept the place of *dux*, or head of his class. This early devotion to study and aptitude of acquirement, together with his thoughtful and reserved disposition, seemed to his father to point out the church as his future profession, but upon his son's expressing a decided preference for that of medicine, he at once agreed, and bound him apprentice for three years to Mr Thomas Anderson, surgeon in Selkirk. At the expiry of his indenture in 1789, being then eighteen years of age, he went to Edinburgh, and attended the classes for three successive sessions, continuing to exhibit the same thirst of knowledge, and unwearied application to all the studies connected with his profession, particularly botany. In the latter, he is said to have been greatly assisted and encouraged by a brother-in-law, Mr James Dickson, who, from an origin even more humble and obscure than that of Park himself, subsequently raised himself to fame and fortune, and became celebrated as one of the first botanists in the kingdom. He had gone to London in search of employment as a journeyman gardener, and procured an engagement, in that humble capacity, with a nurseryman at Hammersmith, where he had the good fortune to attract the notice of Sir Joseph Banks, through whose kind friendship and patronage he was mainly indebted for his future success and celebrity.

After qualifying himself in his profession at Edinburgh, young Park went to London in search of employment, and was very speedily appointed assistant-surgeon on board the Worcester, East Indiaman, through the interest of Sir Joseph Banks, to whom Mr Dickson had introduced him. Mr Park showed himself every way worthy of this appointment, and made an adequate return to his distinguished patron, by the valuable observations and discoveries he made in botany, and other branches of natural history, in a voyage to Benacoolen, in the island of Sumatra. On his return in 1794, being then only twenty-three years old, he had the honour of reading a paper before the Linnean Society in London, giving a description of eight new species of fishes he had observed in Sumatra, which was afterwards published in the Transactions of the Society.

After leaving the Worcester, Mr Park appears to have had no certain or fixed views as to his future career, but his talents and genius had already distinguished him too much to allow him to remain long unemployed. The wealthy and scientific Association for the Promotion of Discovery through the Interior of Africa, were at that time preparing to send out an expedition, with the view of endeavouring to trace the course of the Niger, and procuring every information relative to the great central city of Tombuctoo, of which little more than the name was then known. Sir Joseph Banks, one of the leading men of the Association, immediately pointed out Park as one peculiarly eligible for taking the management of the expedition, and the offer being accordingly made to him, was eagerly accepted. He immediately prepared himself, therefore, for the task, being liberally supplied, according to his own statement, with the means of furnishing himself with every thing he reckoned necessary, and sailed from Portsmouth on the 22d of May 1795, in the brig Endeavour. His instructions were, to proceed to the Niger by the nearest and most convenient route, and endeavour to trace its course, from its rise to its termination; as also to visit, if possible, all the principal towns and cities on its banks, particularly Tombuctoo and Houssa, and afterwards return to Europe by the river Gambia, or any other way he thought most advisable. He arrived at Jillifie, in the kingdom of Barra, and lying on the northern bank of the Gambia, on the 21st of June; and after proceeding up the river as far as Jonakonda, he quitted the Endeavour, and proceeded by land to a small British factory, which had been established at Pisania, in the king of Yam's territories, where he took up his residence for a short

time with Dr Laidley. He immediately applied himself to the study of the Mandingo tongue, and to collect all the information possible, relative to the various people and countries in the interior, preparatory to his journey. In consequence, however, of exposure to the night dew, while observing an eclipse of the moon, in the month of July, he was seized with fever, attended with delirium, which brought him almost to the grave; nor was he sufficiently recovered to commence his journey till December. On the 2d of that month he set out, having for his escort a negro servant, named Johnson, who had resided many years in Great Britain, and understood both the English and Mandingo languages, as a guide and interpreter; a negro boy belonging to Dr Laidley, and whom that gentleman promised to set free on his return, in the event of his good conduct; with four others, not immediately under his control, but who were made to understand that their own safety depended upon their fidelity to him. It may be interesting also to notice the nature and value of his equipments for a journey of such length, peril, and importance. These consisted of a horse for himself, two asses for his servants, provisions for two days, a small assortment of beads, amber, and tobacco, a few changes of linen and other apparel, an umbrella, a pocket sextant, a magnetic compass, a thermometer, two fowling-pieces, two pairs of pistols, and a few other trifling articles. Such were all the means of sustenance, comfort, and safety, with which this intrepid man was provided for an expedition, the duration of which it was out of his power to calculate, but whose route, he well knew, lay, in some places, through pathless deserts, where neither tree grew, nor water ran, and beset with beasts of prey—in others, through the territories of barbarous tribes, from whose inhospitality or savage dispositions he had scarcely less to fear.

At the very outset, an event occurred which seemed to bode ill for the result of his journey. Dr Laidley, and a few other of the Europeans at Pisania, having escorted him during the first two days, bade him adieu, convinced that they would never see him more; and scarcely were they out of sight, when he was surrounded by a horde of native banditti, from whom he only got free by surrendering the greater part of his small store of tobacco. Park, however, was not a man to be depressed by evil auguries, and he accordingly pushed on to Medina, the capital of Wooll, where the king, a benevolent old man, received him with much kindness, and furnished him with a trusty guide to the frontiers of his dominions. Our traveller then engaged three elephant hunters, as guides and water-bearers, through the sandy desert which lay before him, where water was frequently not to be found for several days together. He performed the journey in safety, but after much fatigue, and reached Fatteconda, the residence of the king of Bondon, situated upon the very frontiers of his dominions, adjoining the kingdom of Kajaaga. It was at Fatteconda, and at the hands of the same chief, that Park's predecessor in enterprise, Major Houghton, had received such ill usage, and was plundered of almost every thing he possessed; but the only article he exacted from Park, and that not by force, but by such warm and animated expressions of admiration as left our traveller no alternative to choose, was his new blue coat, with gilt buttons, in return for which he presented him with five drachms of gold. From Fatteconda he proceeded to Joag, the frontier town of Kajaaga, travelling in the night-time for fear of robbers, and through thickets abounding with wolves and hyenas, which glided across their silent path in the clear moonshine, and hung round the small party with yells and howlings, as if watching an opportunity to spring upon them. At Joag, and whilst preparing to proceed on his journey, he was honoured by a visit from the king's son, who plundered him of the half of his little stores, on pretence of his having forfeited all his property by entering the kingdom without leave. As a sort of consolation for this disaster, and whilst appeasing his hunger with a few ground nuts which a poor negro slave had given him in charity, he was waited upon by the nephew of the king of Kasson, who had been at Kajaaga on an embassy, and who, taking pity on him, offered to escort him to his uncle's capital, to which he was now returning, and which lay in the line of our traveller's route. After crossing the river Senegal, however, which was the boundary of Kasson, his royal guide left him, having first taken from him the half of the little property he had left. A few days after this, Park, for the first time, had an opportunity of observing the manners of the barbarous and untutored natives of Africa in all their primitive simplicity and unchecked ardour. They came to a village which was the birth-place of one of his faithful escort, a blacksmith, that had accompanied him from Pisania, and who was now about to leave him, having amassed a considerable deal of money in his profession on the coast, and resolving to spend the rest of his days in ease and independence amongst his family and friends. The meeting which ensued was characterised by the most extravagant demonstrations of joy and triumph, and Park was convinced, that "whatever difference there is between the negro and European, in the conformation of the nose, and the colour of the skin, there is none in the genuine sympathies and characteristic feelings of our common nature." With these warm-hearted villagers, our traveller rested for a day or two, and then proceeded to Ko-

niakary, where the king, a fine old man, who was greatly beloved by his subjects, received him with much kindness. From this point new perils beset Mr Park's further progress, in consequence of war breaking out between the people of Bambarra, to which kingdom his course was directed, and other tribes, through whose territories he had to pass on his way thither. He nevertheless persevered, although even his faithful negro Johnson, who was aware of the dangers he was running into, refused to accompany him farther. They parted accordingly at Jarra, in the kingdom of Ludimur (the people of which, as well as of the neighbouring nations, were found to be Mahomedans), and Mr Park, having entrusted Johnson with a copy of his journal to carry back with him to Pisania, set out for the camp of Ali at Benown, accompanied only by Dr Laidley's slave-boy, and a messenger who had arrived from Ali to conduct him thither. On the way he suffered great privations, and was repeatedly beaten and robbed by the fanatical Moors, to whom he was an object of peculiar detestation as a Christian. All the sufferings and insults which he had yet undergone, however, were nothing to what he was doomed to endure while in the power of the tyrant Ali. His appearance at Benown excited the greatest astonishment and consternation amongst the inhabitants, scarcely one of whom had ever seen a white man before. When taken before Ali, the latter was engaged in the dignified occupation of clipping his beard with a pair of scissors, and paid little regard to him; but the ladies of the court fully maintained the character of their sex for inquisitiveness, searched his pockets, opened his waistcoat to examine his white skin, and even counted his toes and fingers to make sure of his being human. It would occupy far more space than the whole limits of this sheet, to detail the innumerable and unremitting sufferings of our unfortunate countryman during his detention at this place. The unfeeling tyrant would neither permit him to depart, nor grant him any protection from the persecution of the fanatical rabble. He was beat, reviled, compelled to perform the meanest offices, frequently on the point of starvation, and was often necessitated to sleep in the open air. All his baggage was taken from him to deter him from running away, with the exception of a pocket compass, which was supposed to be the work of magic, from the needle always pointing in the same direction, and was therefore returned to him. At last it began to be debated how he was to be disposed of—some advising that he should be put to death, others, that his right hand should be cut off, and another party, that his eyes should be put out. Park's health at length gave way under the accumulated horrors of his situation, and he was seized with a fever and delirium, which brought him to the brink of the grave. Yet even in this extremity, his persecutors never desisted from their cruelties, and tormented him like some obnoxious animal, for their amusement. Perhaps the strongest proof that can be given of the extent of his sufferings at this time, and of the deep and lasting impression they made on his mind, is the fact, that years afterwards, subsequent to his return to Scotland, and while residing with his family on the peaceful banks of the Tweed, he frequently started up in horror from his sleep, imagining himself still in the camp of Ali at Benown. But perhaps nothing gave our traveller so much permanent grief as the fate of his faithful slave-boy Demba, whom Ali impressed into his service as a soldier, and who had conceived a great affection for Mr Park, who describes their parting as very affecting. After a month's residence at Benown, Ali removed to Jarra, back to which place, of course, Mr Park was obliged to accompany him. Here all was alarm and terror, from the approach and apprehended attack of the king of Kaarts; and amid the bustle and confusion of the inhabitants flying from their homes, the preparations for war, &c., Mr Park at last, after great difficulty, and amid many perils, found an opportunity of escaping, and struck into the woods back towards Bambarra. Being under the necessity of avoiding all intercourse with the natives, in order to avoid being re-caught by the emissaries of Ali, who were in pursuit of him, he was at one time nearly famished in the wilderness, and we will take his own account of his sensations at this awful crisis. Thirst, intense and burning thirst, was the first and direst of his sufferings; his mouth and throat became parched and inflamed, and a sudden dimness frequently came over his eyes, accompanied with symptoms of fainting. The leaves of the few shrubs that grew around were all too bitter for chewing. After climbing up a tree in the hopes of discovering some signs of a human habitation, but without success, he again descended in despair. "As I was now," says he, "too faint to attempt walking, and my horse too fatigued to carry me, I thought it but an act of humanity, and perhaps the last I should ever have it in my power to perform, to take off his bridle, and let him shift for himself; in doing which, I was affected with sickness and giddiness, and, falling upon the sand, felt as if the hour of death was fast approaching. Here then (thought I), after a short but ineffectual struggle, terminate all my hopes of being useful in my day and generation; here must the short span of my life come to an end. I cast, as I believed, a last look on the surrounding scene; and whilst I reflected on the awful change that was about to take place, this world and its enjoyments seemed to vanish from my recollection. Nature, however, at length resumed her functions; and, on recovering my

senses, I found myself stretched upon the sand, with the bridle still in my hand, and the sun just sinking behind the trees. I now summoned all my resolution, and determined to make another effort to prolong my existence; and as the evening was somewhat cool, I resolved to travel as far as my limbs would carry me, in hopes of reaching (my only resource) a watering place. With this view, I put the bridle upon my horse, and, driving him before me, went slowly along for about an hour, when I perceived some lightning from the north-east; a most delightful sight, for it promised rain. The darkness and lightning increased very rapidly, and, in less than an hour, I heard the wind roaring behind the bushes. I had already opened my mouth to receive the refreshing drops which I expected, but I was instantly covered with a cloud of sand, driven with such force by the wind, as to give a very disagreeable sensation to my face and arms; and I was obliged to mount my horse, and stop under a bush, to avoid being suffocated. The sand continued to fly for nearly an hour in amazing quantities, after which I again set forwards, and travelled with difficulty until ten o'clock. At this time, I was agreeably surprised by some very vivid flashes of lightning, followed by a few heavy drops of rain. I alighted, and spread out all my clean clothes to collect the rain, which at length I saw would certainly fall. For more than an hour it rained plentifully, and I quenched my thirst by wringing and sucking my clothes." Park at length entered the kingdom of Bambarra, where he found the people hospitable, and was astonished at the opulence and extent of cultivation he every where found. "The country, he says, was beautiful, intersected on all sides by rivulets, which, after a rain-storm, were swelled into rapid streams. He was, however, such an object of amusement and ridicule to the inhabitants, from his own tattered condition, together with the appearance of his horse, which was a perfect skeleton, and which he drove before him, that the very slaves, he says, were ashamed to be seen in his company. Notwithstanding all this, however, he held on his way, and at last, on the 21st of July (1796), had the inexplicable gratification of coming in sight of Sego, the capital of Bambarra, situated on the Niger, which the natives denominated *Joliba*, or the "Great Water." "As we approached the town," says Park, "I was fortunate enough to overtake the fugitive Kaartans, and we rode together through some marshy ground, where, as I anxiously looked around for the river, one of them called out *Geo affili* (see the water). Looking forwards, I saw, with infinite pleasure, the great object of my mission—the long sought for majestic Niger, glittering to the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly to the eastward. I hastened to the brink, and having drunk of the water, lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the Great Ruler of all things, for having thus far crowned my endeavours with success." Sego consisted of four distinct towns, two on the northern, and two on the southern bank of the Niger; "and the view of this extensive capital," says our traveller, "the numerous canoes on the river, the crowded population, and the cultivated state of the surrounding country, formed altogether a prospect of civilization and magnificence which I little expected to find in the bosom of Africa." The king, Mansong, however, refused to see Mr Park, for fear of exciting the envy and jealousy of the Moorish inhabitants, and ordered him to remove to a village in the vicinity. He had no alternative but to comply; and it was here that one of those fine traits of female compassion, and of the kind interposition of Providence in his favour when at the last extremity, which he has frequently borne testimony to with thankfulness and gratitude, occurred; and this truly affecting incident we cannot avoid giving in his own simple language. On arriving at the village, he was inhospitably driven from every door, with marks of fear and astonishment. He passed the day without victuals, and was preparing to spend the night under a tree, exposed to the rain and the fury of the wild beasts, which there greatly abounded, "when a woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving me weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat upon the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat; she accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which having caused to be broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress (pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension), called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night. They lightened their labour with songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it: it was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these: 'The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary,

came and sat under our tree—he has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn.' Chorus—'Let us pity the white man; no mother has he!' &c. &c. Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was so oppressed by such unexpected kindness, that sleep fled before my eyes. In the morning, I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons that remained on my waistcoat, the only recompense I could make her." Mansong, the king, having ordered Park to leave the neighbourhood (sending him, however, a guide, and a present of 5000 cowries,* as some recompense for his involuntary hospitality), our traveller proceeded down the Niger, along the northern bank. On one occasion, while passing through the woods, he narrowly escaped being devoured by a large red lion, which he suddenly came upon, crouching in a bush, but which did not attack him. He proceeded first to Sansanding, thence to Moodiboo, Moorzan, and finally to Silla. Here, worn out by fatigue and suffering of mind and body, destitute of all means either of subsistence or of prosecuting his journey—for even his horse had dropped down by the way—his resolution and energy, of which no man ever possessed a greater share, began to fail him. The rainy season had set in, and he could only travel in a canoe, which he had no money to hire; and he was advancing farther and farther into the territories of the fanatical Moors, who looked upon him with loathing and detestation, and whose compassion he had no gifts to propitiate. It was with great anguish of mind that he was at last brought to the conviction of the necessity of returning; but no one who has read his own simple and manly statement of his actual situation, and of the prospect before him, together with his poignant sensations at his disappointment, can for a moment blame him for turning back. Preparatory to doing so, he collected all the information in his power respecting the future course of the Niger, and the various kingdoms through which it flowed; but subsequent discoveries have since proved how little credit could be attached to the accounts of the natives, either from their positive ignorance or their suspicious jealousy of strangers. Later, and more fortunate travellers, have solved the great problem, the honour of explaining which was denied to Park; and we now know that this great river, after flowing to a considerable distance eastward of Tombuctoo, makes a bend or elbow, like the Burampoeter, and, after pursuing a south-westerly course, falls into the Atlantic Ocean, on the coast of Benin. The narrative of Mr Park's return from the interior of Africa would be little else than a repetition of the various sufferings, adventures, and dangers he experienced on his way there, but only in a more aggravated form, in consequence both of his utterly destitute condition, and from the inundation of the level country, which compelled him to seek his way over chasms and precipices, without a guide, or any other means of shaping his course. He frequently waded for miles breast-deep in water. Once he was beset by banditti, who stripped him of everything but two shirts, his hat, and a pair of trousers; and on arriving at Sibidooloo, he was attacked by fever, which stretched him on his back for many weeks. Here, however, he was fortunate enough to meet with a slave-merchant, named Karfa Taura, who treated him with great kindness and humanity—took him into his own house—nursed him until he was well—kept him as his guest for seven months, without asking the smallest recompense—and finally conducted him in safety to Pisania, with a cargo of his living merchandise. Our traveller immediately took his passage in an American vessel, bound for the West Indies, whence he had no difficulty in getting to Britain, and landed at Falmouth on the 22d of December 1797, after an absence of two years and seven months. He instantly hastened to London, and the manner of his first interview with his kind kinsman Mr Dickson, who had long mourned for him as one lost, was perhaps as curious as any meeting of a similar nature that ever occurred. Mr Park arrived before day-break on Christmas morning, and thinking it rather an unseasonable hour to call up his relative, he strolled for some time about the streets, until, finding one of the entrances to the gardens of the British Museum accidentally open, he stepped in. Here the very first person he encountered was Mr Dickson himself, under whose management the gardens then were, and who happened, by mere chance, to have gone there that morning. The astonishment of both, but more particularly of the latter, at this rencontre, may be well imagined. Mr Park was received with distinguished honour by the African Association, and almost all the other scientific bodies and eminent literary characters of the metropolis, and was for some time, what is familiarly termed, the *lion* of the town. Having made arrangements in London for the publication of his travels, he proceeded to Scotland in June (1798), and spent the succeeding summer and autumn at his native place, Fowlsheils, amongst his relations and friends, his mother being the only parent then alive. His time, however, was far from being passed in idleness, or merely in social meetings with old friends and acquaintances, much as his company, as may readily be imagined, was sought after. He applied himself

* A cowrie is a small and rare shell, used as a species of currency in many of the eastern countries.

indefatigably to the compilation and composition of his travels, which he finished and carried back with him to London in the end of the year. In the following spring they were published, and it is needless to say how universally, or with what avidity, nor to mention *incredibility* by many, they were read. For the latter contingency, Mr Park himself was prepared, and with a judicious caution, which few of his rivals in discovery, either before or since, have had the prudence or *self-denial*, as it may aptly be termed, to adopt, omitted the relation of many real incidents and adventures, which he feared might shake the probability of his narrative in the public estimation. This fact has been proved beyond doubt by the testimony of many of his intimate friends and relatives, to whom, although by no means of a communicative disposition, he freely mentioned many singular anecdotes and particulars, which he scrupled to submit to the jealous eye of the critical public. Amongst those friends to whom Mr Park frequently communicated in a colloquial way many most interesting and remarkable circumstances which did not appear in his printed travels, was the late Author of *Waverley*, between whom and Mr Park a strong intimacy was contracted subsequent to the return of the latter from Africa, and who tells us, that having once noticed to his friend the omissions in question (which appeared to one of his romantic temperament and ardent imagination to be unaccountable), and asked an explanation, Mr Park replied, "that in all cases where he had information to communicate, which he thought of importance to the public, he had stated the facts boldly, leaving it to his readers to give such credit to his statements as they might appear justly to deserve; but that he would not shock their credulity, or render his travels more marvellous, by introducing circumstances, which, however true, were of little or no moment, as they related solely to his own personal adventures and escapes." If this scrupulousness on the part of the traveller is to be regretted in one sense, as consigning to oblivion many curious and interesting facts, it certainly raises him as a man and an author incalculably in our estimation, and bespeaks the most implicit belief and confidence in what he *has* promulgated to the world.

After the publication of his travels, he returned to Scotland, and in August the same year married Miss Anderson, the eldest daughter of his old master at Selkirk.

An account of his second journey, and melancholy death, will form the subject of another article.

HORSES IN ANCIENT TIMES.

THERE is pretty good evidence for supposing, that, even at the time of the Trojan war, horses were but rare animals in Greece, and were possessed only by princes or great men, who employed them, not for the purposes of husbandry or draught, but for the ornamental displays of war and chariot-drawing, as the proud and distinctive accompaniment of royalty alone. In Judea, horses were, till the days of Solomon, very rare. Egypt is always described in the Old Testament as the land of horses. The earliest notice of the horse is in the Book of Genesis (chap. xlvi. 17), where Joseph is said to have given the Egyptians "bread in exchange for their horses." In the very minute enumeration of the cattle-stores of Abraham, Isaac, Esau, Laban, Job, &c., in the Book of Genesis, though there is a superabundance of other quadruped property, no mention whatever is made of horses. Neither, in the fourth or tenth commandments are horses noticed with the other working animals. In the enumeration, however, of the Egyptian cattle-property affected by the murrain, horses are mentioned in precedence of the rest. "Behold, the hand of the Lord is upon thy cattle which is in the field, upon the horses, upon the asses, upon the camels, upon the oxen, and upon the sheep."—Exod. ix. 3. In like manner, in the excellent and very particular description given by Theocritus of the quadruped stock of Angias, the child of the Sun, who lived in the Peloponnesus, horses find no place. Even during the Trojan war, these animals were only in the retinue of princes, and were always associated with cattle, or with the glorious forthcoming of kings. Accordingly, we find that in all the first descriptions of that animal, and particularly in that sublime and all-surpassing one in the Book of Job, he is depicted with beauty and majesty, as the war-steed alone. Homer speaks of him always with dignity and admiration; and it is apparent, that, in his conceptions, an additional respectability is conferred upon his princes and his war-grooms by the title which he bestows upon them of "horse-tamers" and "horse-whippers"—a contemptible commendation, according to our ideas, associating, as we inevitably do, these epithets with the persons and mean employments of grooms of the stable and horse-jockeys. The ancient poets and ancient people must have connected, however, beauty, majesty, and sublimity, with their idea of that animal, not only from his noble shape and gallant appearance, but from his singularity, and, consequently, high price—his being the friend, as it were, and attendant, of princes—his being the terrible, yet graceful, accompaniment of war—and his being never seen, as in our modern times, degraded to the familiar yet far more beneficial purposes of draught in our streets, and husbandry in our fields. A modern reader, therefore, must enter somewhat into the sentiments and feelings of antiquity, in order to per-

ceive the beauty or propriety of Theocritus's companion of Helen to a horse, or of Solomon's likening his love "to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots." The light in which the horse is thus considered as an ornament of royalty, or an appendage of war, not only ornamental, but efficient, is explanatory of many passages not only in the Old Testament, but in the Greek and Latin classics. In the Psalms of David,

An horse for preservation is
But a deceitful thing.—Ps. xxxiii. 17.

And in Eccles. x. 7, "I have seen servants on horses." In Deuteronomy, chap. xvii. 16, Moses forbids the Israelites, in the event of their electing from among themselves a king, to allow him "to multiply to himself horses," and thereby foster a lust of dominion and belligerent propensities, at the same time also creating, what the lawgiver wished much to prevent, too frequent a communication with Egypt. Egypt was undoubtedly, in the most early times, the great breeder of horses: the Old Testament proves it by many references. At Jacob's funeral, in Judea, there came forth from Egypt "chariots and horsemen a very great company." The Hebrews were pursued into the Red Sea by Egyptian horsemen; horse and rider were there overwhelmed. Solomon, several centuries afterwards, obtained all his horses from Egypt. With this testimony concurs the account given by the Greek writers; according to them, Sesostris [or Sesochos, as others write his name] was the first who taught men to tame horses and to ride them. In Solomon's days the price of a single horse from Egypt was 150 shekels, which, according to Bishop Cumberland's calculation of the shekel, is about £17, 10s. of our money—a great sum in those times. In the days of Xenophon, 600 years later than Solomon, the price of a good horse was about 50 danks, or £27, 10s.—at least such was the price paid by Sennacherib the Thracian to Xenophon for the steed whereon he rode during his retreat from Babylon. Next after the Egyptians, the Assyrians became the celebrated cavaliers of the ancient world. These people are repeatedly alluded to by the Jewish prophets, not only as excelling in the beauty of their horses and skill of their horsemen, but also in all the showy apparatus of equestrian garniture. Their proficiency, however, in this branch of the military art, took place long after the Egyptians had invented and brought it to some degree of perfection, which the Medes, Assyrians, and Persians, possessing more gold and silver, from their more enlarged empires, decked and bespangled more with blue, with purple, and with gold, "clothing their horsemen most gorgeously." Persia became latterly most renowned for its horse-riding. Xenophon declares, that, before the age of Cyrus, Persia had, from its want of wealth, or the mountainous character of its soil, no horses; but that, after his time, from the personal example, and encouragements, and recommendations of their king, every man in Persia rode on horseback; so much so, indeed, that it is understood that the very name of Persia, by which ever afterwards their country became known, was taken from PERESH, a word in Chaldee and Hebrew signifying a horseman. Immense numbers of these animals were reared in the plains of Assyria and Persia. We read in some author of no less than 150,000 feeding on one vast plain near the Caspian Gates. The Nysean horses, which the kings of Persia used in their expeditions, were celebrated as the finest in the world. In Greece, the art of riding horses, and most probably the arrival of the horse himself, did not long precede the Trojan war. The story of the Centaurs, semi-human horses and semi-equine men, as Ovid calls them, warrants the inference that horses then first made their appearance in Thessaly, if not in Greece. These people lived about a century before the Trojan war; for Chiron, who was their chief, was the preceptor of Achilles. As the poor Mexicans at the first appearance of the Spanish cavalry ran off in a fright, conceiving that man and horse were but one animal, so the people of Thessaly fled, panic struck, at the sight of the double-shaped incomprehensible monster that charged them. It is almost certain that these Centaurs were a tribe of Pelasgi, or emigrants from Phrygia, and the southern shores of the Euxine Sea, which were occupied at an early period by a colony of Egyptians, planted there by Sesostris in his Phrygian and Scythian expedition. Confirmatory of this derivation, is the Grecian tradition, as recorded by her antiquaries, that Philyre, the mother of the Centaurs, cohabited with Saturn in Philyreis, an island near the southern shore of the Euxine; and that from that island she emigrated to Thessaly and the mountains of the Pelasgi. In this way, one might amuse himself by attempting to trace, even from the few data afforded by history, the circuit by which horses, with the consequent art of equestrian exercise, passed from Egypt, the original and central riding-school of the world, into Greece and into Europe. From Egypt they passed into Assyria and Persia; from Assyria to Cappadocia, Amazonia, and Pontus, countries where horses were most reared, most admired, and, as the most admirable objects in animated nature, offered up as sacrifices to the sun; from Pontus they passed, with the streams of westward-rushing population, to Phrygia and the southern shores of the Propontis; and from thence, with "horse-taming"

Pelops and the Pelasgi, they migrated into Thessaly, and confounded with their novel and terrifying appearance the simple and aboriginal inhabitants, to whom "the horse and his rider" seemed a monster outlandish and inscrutable! It was not customary in these ancient times to shoe horses with iron, according to our modern practice; so that a strong hoof, "hard as brass" and solid "as the flint," was reckoned one of the good qualities of a steed. In oriental countries, the dryness of the roads rendered this fortification of the hoof less necessary; the muddy ways and miriness of the ground's surface in the north of Europe, I suppose, first caused and confirmed the practice. Hannibal's cavalry, which were principally Numidian, lost all their hoofs in the miry and embarrassing march through the marshy ground between Trebia and Fesule. The horses of the ancients had no saddles, no stirrups, and the Numidian horses had even no bridles; but their armour and their trappings must have compensated for these deficiencies by its extraordinary splendour.†

THE LAST MOMENTS OF ROBERT BRUCE, KING OF SCOTLAND.

Meanwhile, King Robert of Scotland became sore oppressed with age and weakness, being grievously afflicted with the great sickness, so that there remained no way with him but death. And when he felt that his end drew near, he sent for those barons and lords of his realm, in whose loyalty he had the greatest confidence, and affectionately enjoined them, on their fealty, that they should faithfully keep his kingdom for David, his son, promising to obey him, and place the crown upon his head when he attained the full age: after which, he beckoned that brave and gentle knight, Sir James Douglas, to come near, and thus addressed him in presence of the rest of his courtiers:—"Sir James, my dear friend, few know better than yourself the great toil and suffering which, in my day, I have undergone for the maintenance of the rights of this kingdom; and when all went hardest against me, I made a vow, which it now deeply grieves me not to have accomplished: I then vowed to God, that if it were his sovereign pleasure to permit me to see an end of my wars, and to establish me in peace and security in the government of this realm, I would then proceed in person to the Holy Land, and carry on war against the enemies of my Lord and Saviour, to the best and utmost of my power. Never hath my heart ceased to bend earnestly to this purpose, but it hath pleased our Lord to deny me my wishes, for I have had my hands full in my day, and, at the last, you see me taken with this grievous sickness, so that I have nothing to do but to die. Since, therefore, this poor frail body cannot go thither, and accomplish that which my heart hath so much desired, I have resolved to send my heart there, in place of my body, to fulfil my vow; and because, in my whole kingdom, I know not any knight more hardy than yourself, or more thoroughly furnished with all those knightly qualities requisite for the accomplishment of this vow, it is my earnest request to thee, my beloved and tried friend, that, for the love you bear me, you will, instead of myself, undertake this voyage, and acquit my soul of its debt to my Saviour; for, believe me, I hold this opinion of your truth and nobleness, that whatever you once undertake, you will not rest till you successfully accomplish; and thus shall I die in peace, if you will do all that I shall enjoin you. It is my desire, then, that as soon as I am dead, you take the heart out of my body, and cause it to be embalmed, and spare not to take as much of my treasure as appears sufficient to defray the expenses of your journey, both for yourself and your companions; and that you carry my heart along with you, and deposit it in the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord, since this poor body cannot go thither. And I do moreover command, that in the course of your journey you keep up that royal state and maintenance, both for yourself and your companions, that into whatever lands or cities you may come, all may know you have in charge to bear beyond seas the heart of King Robert of Scotland." At these words, all who stood by began to weep; and when Sir James himself was able to reply, he said, "Ah, most gentle and noble king, a thousand times do I thank you for the great honour you have done me in permitting me to be the keeper and bearer of so great and precious a treasure. Most willingly, and, to the best of my power, most faithfully, shall I obey your commands, although I do truly think myself little worthy to achieve so high an enterprise." "My dear friend," said the king, "I heartily thank you, provided you promise to do my bidding on the word of a true and loyal knight." "Undoubtedly, my liege, I do promise so," replied Douglas, "by the faith which I owe to God, and to the order to which I belong." "Now praise be to God," said the king, "I shall die in peace, since I am assured that the best and most valiant knight in my kingdom hath promised to achieve for me that which I myself never could accomplish;" and not long after, this noble monarch departed this life.—From *Frouissart's Chronicles*.

* If we take Xenophon's valuation of the shekel, as containing 7½ oboli, as stated in Lib. I. of his Expedition of Cyrus, it makes the price much less, about £6, 10s.

Yet I find saddles mentioned in our translation of the Bible, Leviticus xv. 9; and in Num. xxii. 21, Balaam saddled his ass.

† From "Shreds of Antiquity," an unpublished work of Mr Tenant, author of "Anster Fair."

BEAR-HUNTING.

The following incident at bear-hunting is recorded by Mr Lloyd, in his Field Sports in the North of Europe. The scene took place in Scandinavia, where the sport is performed by a great number of people assembling, and, forming a large circle, gradually close it, and force the animals from their retreat. This species of amusement is called a *skull* in the country.

"The skull to which this anecdote relates," says Mr Lloyd, "and at which Captain Eurenus himself was present, took place about the year 1790, in the parish of Vestram, province of Wernerborg. It was conducted in the usual manner, every person having his proper position assigned to him. One man, however, an old soldier, who was attached to the hallet, or stationary division of the skull, thought proper to place himself in advance of the rest, in a narrow defile, through which, from his knowledge of the country, he thought it probable the bear would pass. He was right in his conjecture; for the animal soon afterwards made his appearance, and faced directly towards him. On this he levelled, and attempted to discharge his piece, but owing to the morning being wet, the priming had got damp, and the gun missed fire. The bear was now close upon him, though it was probable that, if he had stepped to the one side, he might still have escaped; but instead of adopting this prudent course, he attempted to drive the muzzle of his gun, to which, however, no bayonet was attached, down the throat of the enraged brute. This attack the bear parried with the skill of a fencing-master; when, after wresting the gun out of the hands of the man, he quickly laid him prostrate.

"All might have ended well; for the bear, after smelling at his antagonist, who was lying motionless and holding his breath, as if he had been dead, left him almost unhurt. The animal then went to the gun, which was only at two or three feet distance, and began to overhaul it with his paws. The poor soldier, however, who had brought his musket to the skull contrary to the orders of his officers, and knowing that if it was injured, he should be severely punished, on seeing the apparent jeopardy in which it was placed, quietly stretched out his hand, and laid hold of one end of it, the bear having it fast by the other. On observing this movement, and that the man in consequence was alive, the bear again attacked him; when, seizing him with his teeth by the back of the head, as he was lying with his face on the ground, he tore off the whole of his scalp, from the nape of the neck upwards, so that it merely hung to the forehead by a strip of skin. The poor fellow, who knew that his safety depended upon his remaining motionless, kept as quiet as he was able; and the bear, without doing him much farther injury, laid himself along his body.

"Whilst this was going forward, many of the people, and Captain Eurenus among the rest, suspecting what had happened, hastened towards the spot, and advanced within twelve or fifteen paces of the scene of action. Here they found the bear still lying upon the body of the unfortunate man. Sometimes the animal was occupying himself in licking the blood from his bare skull, and at others in eying the people. All, however, were afraid to fire, thinking either that they might hit the man, or that, even if they killed the bear, he might, in his last agonies, still farther mutilate the poor sufferer. In this position the soldier and the bear remained a considerable time, until at last the latter quitted his victim, and slowly began to retreat, when a tremendous fire opened upon him, and he instantly fell dead.

"On hearing the shots, the poor soldier jumped up, his scalp hanging over his face, so as completely to blind him; when, throwing it back with his hands, he ran towards his comrades like a madman, frantically exclaiming, 'The bear! the bear!' The mischievous, however, was done, and was irreparable. The only assistance he could receive was rendered to him by a surgeon who happened to be present, and who severed the little skin which connected the scalp with the forehead, and then dressed the wound in the best manner he was able. The scalp, when separated from the head, Captain Eurenus described as exactly resembling a *peruke*.

"In one sense, the catastrophe was fortunate for the poor soldier. At the time, every one in the army was obliged to wear his hair of a certain form, which was extremely troublesome to dress and keep in order during the day; and he, in consequence, being now without any, immediately got his discharge.

"Bears are not unfrequently domesticated in Werneland. I heard of one that was so tame that his master, a peasant, used occasionally to cause him to stand at the back of his sledge when on a journey; but the fellow kept so good a balance that it was next to impossible to upset him. When the vehicle went on one side, Bruin threw his weight the other way, and vice versa. One day, however, the peasant amused himself by driving over the very worst ground he could find, with the intention, if possible, of throwing him off his equilibrium, by which, at last, the animal got so irritated, that he fetched his master, who was in advance of him, a tremendous thwack on his shoulders with his paw. This frightened the man so much, that he caused the bear to be killed immediately."

THE ORIGIN OF THE PORTEOUS MOB.

The origin of the Porteous mob continued long to exercise the curiosity of those by whom the event was remembered, and from the extraordinary mixture of prudence and audacity with which the purpose of the multitude had been conceived and executed, as well as the impenetrable secrecy with which the enterprise was carried through, the public were much inclined to suspect that there had been among its actors men of rank and character, far superior to that belonging to the multitude who were the ostensible agents. Broken and imperfect stories were told of men in the disguise of women, and of common artizans, whose manner betrayed a sex and manners different from what their garb announced. Others laughed at these unauthorized exaggerations, and contended that no class were so likely to frame or execute the plan for the murder of the police-officer, as the populace to whom his official proceedings had rendered him obnoxious, and that the secrecy so wonderfully preserved on the occasion arose out of the constancy and fidelity which the Scottish people observe towards each other when engaged in a common cause. Nothing is, or probably ever will be, known with certainty on the subject; but it is understood that several young men left Scotland in apprehension of the strict scrutiny which was made into that night's proceedings; and in your grandfather's younger days, the voice of fame pointed out individuals, who, long absent from that country, had returned from the East and West Indies in improved circumstances, as persons who had fled abroad on account of the Porteous mob. One story of the origin of the conspiracy was stated to me with so much authority, and seemed in itself so simple and satisfactory, that although the degree of proof, upon investigation, fell far short of what was necessary as full evidence, I cannot help considering it as the most probable account of the mysterious affair. A man, who bore an excellent character, and filled a place of some trust as forester and carpenter to a gentleman of fortune in Fife, was affirmed to have made a confession on his death-bed, that he had been not only one of the actors in the hanging of Porteous, but one of the secret few by whom the deed was schemed and set on foot. Twelve persons of the village of Pathhead—so this man's narrative was said to proceed—resolved that Porteous should die, to atone for the life of Wilson, with whom many of them had been connected by the ties of friendship and joint adventure in illicit trade, and for the death of those shot at the execution. This vengeful band crossed the Forth by different ferries, and met together at a solitary place near the city, where they distributed the party which were to act in the business which they had in hand; and giving a beginning to the enterprise, soon saw it undertaken by the populace of the city, whose minds were precisely in that state of irritability which disposed them to follow the example of a few desperate men. According to this account, most of the original devisers of the scheme fled to foreign parts, the surprise of the usual authorities having occasioned some days to pass over ere the investigations of the affair were commenced. On making inquiry of the surviving family of this old man, they were found disposed to treat the rumoured confession as a fiction, and to allege, that although he was of an age which seemed to support the story, and had gone abroad shortly after the Porteous mob, yet he had never acknowledged any accession to it, but, on the contrary, maintained his innocence, when taxed, as he sometimes was, with having a concern in the affair. The report, however, though probably untrue in many of its circumstances, yet seems to give a very probable account of the origin of the riot, in the vindictive purpose of a few resolute men, whose example was quickly followed by the multitude, already in a state of mind to catch fire from the slightest spark.—*Tales of a Grandfather, Third Series.*

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON STEAM CARRIAGES.

In the progress of their inquiry, the Committee extended their examination to the principal objections which had been urged to the application of steam on common roads. These were, the danger of explosion, the annoyance to travellers, the fright occasioned to horses by the noise of the machinery, and the smoke and steam which escape at the chimney. The Committee state, that they are led to believe, by the result of their inquiries, that the substitution of inanimate for animal power on common roads, is one of the most important improvements in internal communication ever introduced; that its practicability has been fully established; that tolls to an amount which would utterly prohibit the introduction of steam carriages have been imposed on some roads; that on others the trustees have adopted measures which place such carriages in an unfair position compared with ordinary coaches; and that the causes of these measures are two-fold. 1st, A determination on the part of the trustees to obstruct as much as possible the use of steam as a propelling power; and, 2d, The misapprehension of its effects on roads. The Committee consider that legislative protection should be extended to steam carriages with the least possible delay. Their Report goes on to say—"Without increase of cost, we shall obtain a power which will insure a rapidity of internal communication far beyond the utmost speed of horses in draught. Nor are the advantages of steam power confined to the greater velocity attained, or to its greater cheapness than horse draught. In the latter, danger is increased, in as large a proportion as expense, by greater speed. In steam power, on the contrary, there is no danger of being run away with, and that of being overturned is greatly diminished. It is difficult to control four such horses as can draw a heavy carriage ten miles per hour, in case they are frightened or choose to run away; and, for quick travelling, they must be kept in that state of courage that they are always inclined for running away, particularly down hills and at sharp turns of the road. In steam, however, there is little corresponding danger, being perfectly controllable, and capable of exerting its power in reverse in going down hills." Steam has been applied as a power in draught in two ways: in the one, both passengers and engine are placed on the same carriage; in the other, the engine carriage is merely used to draw the carriage in which the load is conveyed. In either case, the probability of danger from explosion has been rendered infinitely small, from the judicious construction of boiler which has been adopted. The danger arising to passengers from the breaking of the machinery need scarcely be taken into consideration. It is a mere question of delay, and can scarcely exceed in frequency the casualties which may occur with horses. It has been frequently urged against these carriages, that, wherever they shall be introduced, they must effectually prevent all other travelling on the road, as no horse will bear quietly the noise and smoke of the engine. The Committee believe that these statements are unfounded. Whatever noise may be complained of, arises from the present defective construction of the machinery, and will be corrected as the makers of such carriages gain greater experience. Admitting even that the present engines do work with some noise, the effect on horses has been greatly exaggerated. All the witnesses accustomed to travel in these carriages, even on the crowded roads adjacent to the metropolis, have stated that horses are very seldom frightened in passing.—*Edinburgh Review.*

AN AULD WIFE'S ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

You are rising, O Moon, through the thicket of trees,
Like a house gone afire, or a stack in a blaze;
But soon through the lift with thou glitter and speel,
Like a round pewter plate, or the rim of my wheel.
Many years have passed over my haiffs and thine,
Since I mounted up to court in thy bine;
But make me as bright, and plump as of yore,
While I'm an auld woman, that's past three score;
And John, though I've kept him baith tenty and snug,
Has ringlets as grey as the cloud at thy lug;
But you are still sparkling, and still in thy light
Dast hemipes, as I was, aye courting at night;
I have gazed at you oft as you shone at your post,
In nights when the starnies were brooming wi' frost;
And oft when the hurricane whummed away,
And whommelled our stacks like a eole on the brae,
I have wondered full oft, as it tookit and blew,
If ever its suging was eerie to you.
At night it uppited the auld elachan-tree,
And the thairt at your feet, and of sit-thine would flee;
But you laughed at its blawing, and kept thee as still,
Over the mist stands the park of a hill.
One question to ask thee, my wonderment bega—
How, Moon, have you skill in the clecking of eggs?
If I set my brood hen when thy waxing I see,
I am surt that the lauchter will never misgie;
The chickens are strong, and their number is fuil,
And the tod and the corbie get never a pull;
But if I should set them when pale is thy horn,
Waxing thinner and dimmer at rising of morn,
Then shipt and cowering the chickens will be,
Tho' hatchet in a bush mid the whins of the lea.
And tell me, how is it that thou hast the skill,
To make the thairt at your feet kill?
About the morn day thy first glimpse in the sky,
Is a sign for fat pigs to grow fatter, and die a—
Thy waxing foretellts that the hams of the gryce,
Will swell in the pot, and be tender and nice;
But if till thy wanng, he grant in his crib,
Nae kail will be lyf'd by the fat of his rib.
What gives them such skill? Once a sailor I saw
Who said that your word to the sea is a law,
That it rises or falls as you come or retreat;
But I cannot believe you can do such afeat;
'Tis wonder enough if on chickens and pork
Your waxing and wanng such wonders can work.
But the evening is growing—my lamp must be got,
And John's aye aye piped present for the pot.
My lassie, Lady Moon, should be steedie and bright,
For its rush-wick was cut with the moon at its height.
I gathered the thrashies when you were on high,
And your image shone bright in the burnie hard by;
Such wicks have a glamour they borrow from you,
And their light in the evening is constant and true,
While Johnny works stockings and hots by the fire,
And I'm at my wheel, and whiles in to the byre.
I'm wearied wi' spinning: my finger and thumb
I smokin' wi' reek frae a nievefu' o' broom,
Till the skin was like leather; but soon wi' a nick
The lang wear thread cuttin' in to the quick.
O Moon, there's a cleuch min' black on thy face,
Wi' a wark wi' it is bringin' me—
You're a skeesly auld wench!—you had kent it yestreen,
When you drew yan white brough round your haiffs at e'en
I thought you were bodin' some mischief at hand—
And now comes the hurricane over the land.
I wis my poor Johnny were hame frae his war,
The snaw will be on, and the night will be dark.
O! there is our Johnny! how clever he comes;
He doesna look auld yet—See, darker it glooms.
Ah, Johnny, you're welcome! the door let us steek—
Now snow, wind, and moonlight, may fight as they like.—D. M.

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place, and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.—Agents for Glasgow, JOHN MACLEOD, 26, Argyll Street.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by leaving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

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In DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Upper Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

TYPOGRAPHY EXECUTED BY W. AND R. CHAMBERS; STEROTYPED BY KIRKWOOD; AND PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY, PAUL'S WORK.